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VOLUME XXVIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894.

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future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.

19. Ladies waited on at their residences. JAMES H. GANT,

RALL THE NEWS, READ THE FREE. MAN. \$1.50 per year.

HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her none may say Loving her this way and that; For her soft chee . 's crimson dyes-For a trick of her blue eyes: low I love her note may say, Yet I love her all the day

flow I love her none may know; Who can say why roses grow? 1.0%, where er it bee they and blows. "till the rough wind loves the rose For her lips, so honey sweet, For the failing of her feetwho shall all my live declare!

Yet I love her all the year! How I love her none may say: a all seasons, dark or bright. Love by day and love by night! Presence of her there and here!

Still I love her all life long!

THE NEW YORK ALPS. A New Jersey Man's View of the

City in 1920. It was a sultry morning in August, 1920; having an idle day in New York, had inveigled a friend into showing

ne its marvelous sights. "I hope you've brought an overcoat." e said, to my amazement, as we tarted out. "You will fixed it," headded, moping his forehead. As he poke we turned into a narrow street cunning north and south. Here a breeze struck our faces as cool as if it blew from the ferny depths of a canyon. The light was twilight, and looking up I saw that we were walled in by gigantic buillings. Far above, etween their black sides, ran a silver

"We are now entering the range of the New York Alps," he exclaimed. "But what is the reason for this sudlen change in the weather?" I asked. rearing to contract pneumonia before I could button my coat.

"Why, the sun rises at eleven and sets at two in this street. It is called Crevasse alley. This building on the right is Jungfrau, the other Juggernaut. Both are snow-capped." He then began to stare so hard at Jungfrau that I thought he must be trying to discover a mortgage on it, but one glance at his face assured me that I was wrong. He was weeping "That my old homestead," he sighed.

I looked at him amazed. "What a perfectly enormous family there must

"Only three children," he replied, puzzled at my surprise. "Oh, I see," he laughed; "you thought we occupied the whole building. No, indeed; there were forty-five other families under the same roof. My homestead is the two extreme northeast windows of the tenth floor. See, one of them has a jar of milk on it." Then followed an eloquent silence which I dared not break. "I tell you, Tom," he at length continued, "it stirs all the poetry in my being to see my old home again. What fond memories cling to that win-

I found myself instinctively looking up for the memories. Just then a peddler accosted us. "Looking for your old homestead?"

he asked. "Hire one of my fine tele-

My companion drew himself up stiffly. "My family were first settlers, and our windows can be seen with the naked eye. You see, my father," he continued to me, "owned a very valuable layer of air three hundred and fifty feet above the building. I was not old enough then to advise him, so he sold out. But it was a mistake. New York air is getting more valuable

I thought it a kindness to check inhappy ceminiscences, so I said: But how can the memory of such a cooped-up life be grateful? What fun, for instance, can a boy have in such a

place?" "Oh, it was possible in those days to reach the sidewalk during the course of a morning, and there we played like rowdies. To be sure, we were cramped in many ways. We were like the elephant in the conundrum-we couldn't climb a tree; then the rules of the flat admitted no domestic animals -neither dogs, chickens nor horses."

"That was hard." "Yes; still I love the old spot." As we talked we threaded our way through Ravine street and Gulley way. always in the cool shadow of buildings whose tops were lost in the clouds. was thinking the while of the sweet. idle fields of my New Jersey farm, and i asked: "Is there not ground enough, that people should take to building

castles in the air?" "Is it possible, men, that you do not understand the wonderful advantage of those buildings?" "Frankly, no; and, moreover, I've

een racking my brain to discover why they are painted in stripes." "The particular building before you is called the Refrigerator," he explained. "And those stripes are the sothermal lines representing its summer climate-red being torrid; green, temperate; white, approaching arctic. Well, I'd no idea you knew so little of the world; you must have been living in New Jersey." Then, seeing my confusion, he said: "In that case you need a change of air. Let us ascend

"A day and a half!" I gasped. "And you sleep in the elevator?" "Why, yes. There are Pullman sleepers attached. But don't say elevators, man; that's old American. They're called translators now. Come, it's sweltering here, and once there we'll have peaches for tea and toboggan slides after. I know some delightful people, too-the first families of the Refrigerator, who claim to have

the Refrigerator. It only takes a day

come up in the first translator." The plan was alluring, I agreed, and in an hour we were on board the translator, speeding upward. The first stations were hot, noisy

slams, and, as I am rich and poverty annoys me. I paid no attention to them. It grew more interesting in the afternoon, when we struck October weather, and as we neared a station the conductor called out: "Thirty r, where the business will be carried on in the uture. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND mirutes for shopping." Upon my looking puzzled my friend

said: "We'll need to stop and buy warmer clothing." I was beginning to lose the power of being surprised, so I made no exclamation when we alighted upon an indoors street lined with

stores. The inhabitants were brisk, and there was a general air of gayety and a great display of fashion. "We've now entered the green isotherm," said my friend; "the summer resorts of the 'upper ten.' In fact, the social scale runs up and down this building like a thermometer, and one often hears the elite described as a

seventy-degree family." "At least at one end of the scale they live on 0," I added. "The next region is a queer contrast," he continued, as the translator again sped upwards. "The apartments

are inexpensive, for clouds hang continually about the windows. The community is composed almost entirely of poets and artists, for they love to live in the clouds, you know, I was much disappointed to see that, as our route lay through a dark shaft, we could see nothing of the scenery. The room was artificially lighted, and

still flying upward. "Aren't we almost up to heaven?" asked, finally, "No," lauged my friend. "But this is our last stop. We are now on the roof of the Arctic flats," he explained

as we alighted. "This is mild winter

I only felt with horror that we were

climate. I observed many bazars where furs, skates and blankets were for sale, and Christmas trees were standing everywhere. There had been a light fall of snow, and children were coasting merrily down a slanting roof; there were eyen a few sleighs. I noticed shadows shifting over us continually, and looking up I saw air-ships flying in every

direction. "You will be surprised to hear," said my friend, "that many never leave these regions during their lifetime, which accounts for the fair northern type of the inhabitants. I have an aunt living here whom I've never seen. She was naturally frigid and preferred living in these flats. We call her Aunt Arctic, and often talk of fitting out an expedition to discover

"Had you any idea," I interrupted, "that it was half-past ten o'clock. It's perfectly light!"

"Oh, that's because we're so near the stars. You'll find out that all the astronomers live here. They tell us that there are indications that Mars is leaving her orbit to avoid the smoke from the chimneys of our high buildings." "I don't doubt it. I should think on a soft summer evening one might even

hear the music of the spheres here." "You may in igh, he rejoined, "but queer things have happened. It's an actual fact that after the World building was completed one of Jupi ter's moons deserted him and took to revolving around its dome. Astronomers were wild with excitement. But one night it disappeared, having discovered, I suppose, that the World was not exactly a heavenly body."

"Why, you see," explained a man, 'we had a friget last night; a star got stuck on our lightning-rod." "You don't mean it?"

great crowd under a lightning-rod.

Just then we were attracted by a

"A fact, sir. After an hour of agony on our part, during which we played the hose on it, it wiggled itself clear and rolled off."

"How strange it all is!" I murmured as we walked on. "In my geography days I used to consider the Rocky mountains high, but after seeing the New York buildings I shall never again presume to think so. I understand now a sentence in my daughter's lesson which pozzled us both. It said 'The New York glacier rises in the New York Alps, takes a downward course, and empties into the West side Sewer.

"Oh, yes; that starts in the north gutter of the leeberg flats." As it was getting late we descended to the summer resorts, where we had decided to remain a time in preference to the Arctic region; for, as my friend

said, "Living was too high up there." -Caro Lloyd, in Leslie's Weekly. WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING. Mrs. H. R. Temple is president of the

First national bank of Lexington, Neb., and Miss Temple is vice president. Hexceports women will be admitted to the post-graduate courses at Harvard. It is stipulated, however, that they must first register as students of Radeliffe college.

LULU B. GEORGE, wall-paper design-

er, of New York, drew a Chinese azalea

pattern which proved so popular that three hundred thousand rolls of the paper have been sold. MISS ELIZABETH BURRILL CURTIS, the young daughter of the late George William Curtis, is among the New York

women who are taking an active part in the effort to secure suffrage for A RECENT debate on woman suffrage

at Bryn Mawr is said to have aroused more excitement than anything had ever done before among the girls of that conservative Pennsylvania college. The vote was a tie. Miss Agnes Irwin, of the senior class of Barnard college. N. Y., represents

her college on the editorial staff of the Columbia Literary Monthly, Columbia having extended an invitation to the sister college to be thus represented.

MME. BIBI-RADYA-KOULDBOULAROW, the first Mohammedan woman to pass the examinations and receive a diploma as doctor of medicine, has been appointed by the Russian government as principal officer of the town of Kassi-

Marriages in England.

The marriage rate in England and Wales during the last quarter of last year was lower than in any previous like period. There were 121,818 marriages, which was in the annual proportion of 16.3 persons per 1,000 of population. The mean rate for the corresponding quarter in the preceding ten years was 17.3. It is also noted that the average of the last ten years is far below that of any preceding decen-

Healthy Berlin.

According to the Glasgow Evening News it appears that the latest statisties issued by the German Imperial health department gave Berlin the honor of being the healthiest city in the world. The death-rate is given as only 16.3 per 1,000. The unhealthiest eity is Alexandria, which, despite its

unvarying fine weather, its 300 foun-

tains and its soft sea breezes, has a

death-rate of no less than 52.9 per 1,000.

### INJUN JOE.

Barney's Adventure with the Last of the Iroquois.

Hidden away from the riotous world is rustic little Moose village. Everybody in the Ottawa valley knows it. The brown river flows slowly past as if sorry to leave it: the inhabitants are wont to remark that nothing but death or a bear hunt "way back on the nation," can ever draw them away; and last, but not least, when "Injun Joe" fixed up his wigwam on the Point, although he didn't know it, people concluded that they might reckon on him as a permanency. The Point was about half a mile above the village, and its silver sands ran a long way out. Just at the extreme edge, within a few feet of the lapping water, and sheltered by one majestic sugar maple, Injun Joe's quaint little tent drew the attention of wandering artists as they went down in the boat All sorts of stories were invented about Joe, but none really knew where he had been dragged up. Some said that he was an Indian sachem of the Iroquois come to life again because he had misconducted himself in the happy hunting grounds. This, however, was generally regarded in Miller's store as an elaborate fiction invented by that blonde young humorist Barney Maguire. "You see, boys," that worthy would observe to the crowd, "it's this way: That there Injun's been let loose by one of them Montreallers who go about digging in the mountains for Indian graves An' now they've let him out, of course he ain't goin' back to a place where there ain't no whisky. You bet your boots that's about the size of it," and Barney, absently taking a plug of his neighbor's tobacco, went out into the

It was a lovely summer night. The air was filled with dancing fireflies, weaving and winding in and out the long grass, and waylaying one another in the whispering leaves of bushes. In and out, their little lamps went flickering through the night in such heedless, happy merriment that Barney stopped to look at them. All the world was full of fireflies. He seemed to be treading on them, and with drunken gravity began to lift his feet high not to crush their little lives out. At this moment a bigger light gleamed up be fore him in the distance. It seemed to be an enormous firefly beckoning him on through the village and into the cool languorous depths of the summer night. Close by "the river wandered at its own sweet will." Only the voices of the raftsmen, as they made for the falls, broke the stillness. Barney pulled up and listened to them. "Thet's so," he said, with drunken gravity. "I reckon you've about fixed it Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast. The fireflies are-no, that's wrong. That's wrong, Barney. I say

it's wrong. If you don't believe me, catch one and ask him." He set off in a sidelong kind of run. sat down on nothin-criess, and suddenly collapsed in the middle of the road. "I've got you," he said in triumph to an imaginary firefly. "Excuse me sittin' on you, but you are such slippery little critturs. You've only got to pog-

The firefly didn't apologize, for the simple reason that it was a hundred yards away. This suddenly dawned upon Barney, and he followed it through the long grass. The ripple of the flowing tide sounded

gleise, an' I'll git."

more loadly in his ears, and insensibly drew him to the river shore. Right out on the point, the big firefly glowed steadily but not like the others. It was a fixed light. When the others closed their tiny wings the lights disappeared, but this monstrous firefly was visible all the time.

Barney followed on, keeping in the shadows of the willows which fringed the shore. He didn't want to go on, but some irresistible power impelled him to do so. , Suddenly he found himself within twenty yards of the point,

and sober! He slunk down behind the bushes in amazement, for the firefly which he had followed was the light of Injun Joe's camp fire, and Injun Joe was there; but not the Injun Joe the laugh and scorn and mock of the village, but another being altogether - a fullblooded brave in his war paint, with tomahawk and rifle by his side, and his copper-colored cheeks glowing in the firelight with vermillion. A long scalplock hung from his shaven crown.

"Gosh, what's this?" said the perplexed Barney. "The boys will think I'm dreaming! The Indian did not stir or give one sign of life. He looked across the river at the long range of the Laurentian hills, as if marking the dark sweep of the pines which crested their

summits. He seemed to be waiting. Barney crept a little nearer. Suddenly a birch bark canoe shot out from a little island in the middle of the river and glided noiselessly through the night. It was paddled by a squaw. She was clad in deerskin, and a toque of earle feathers rose from her long,

dowing tresses.

"Come, my white brother, come." said Injun Joe, without looking around: "Lelota waits." Barney came forward with an uneasy laugh. "I reckon, old Fenni-

more Cooper, you'll have the judge down on you if you're up to any of your larks.' "Come," said Injun Joe, gravely, and Barney stepped into the canoe, which sank nearly to the waters edge.

The squaw paddled noiselessly, with swift, rapid strokes, across the river until they reached the opposite shore. They got out and beached the canoe. "Come," said Injun Joe, leading the way, and Barney, humoring the joke,

fell into simple file. They went on through the dark night, treading upon the noiseless needles of the pines. The boughs bent down and hid the moon. Barney began to shiver. Was it a phantom in front of him, or only a drunken Iroquois bent upon some mad folly inspired by whisky?

Presently they began to climb the mountain side. Injun Joe went in front with catlike activity. Barney began to feel blown, but followed his guide until they emerged into a little glade or clearing entirely free from pines, and covered with a short, smooth turf. The moon sailed overhead, an owl cast a slanting shadow on the grass as it swept up into the light. In the center

around this were sitting four Indian braves. Paint, scalp locks, weaponsall were there. A little to one side of the fire was a post sunk in the ground. It was chipped and scarred and stained with dark streaks. Could they be blood? Barney turned to flee, but he felt

of the glade was another camp fire, and

that he was covered. "I didn't count on this yere pienic, gents," he said, with reckless effrontery. "Mebbe you're reckonin' on a war dance? I'm not the one to spoil fun. Go ahead " They went ahead in a most unpleasant manner. Barney was dragged to the post, and tied to it with deer-

skin thongs in a sitting posture. The

Indians resumed their seats around the fire. Barney took out his pipe, and began to smoke. A grunt of approval went up from the grisly forms by the fire. "I kin wait if you kin, gentlemen." said Barney, his blue eyes dancing with fun. "Mebbe you'll make up

your minds what you're goin' to do with me." The squaw appeared with a little birch basket, and each Indian cast a

black bean into it "Say him prayer to Manitou," said Injun Joe, "him come heap soon." He touched the handle of his tomahawk in a sufficiently grim manner to be un-

It suddenly occurred to Barney that it wasn't a joke, and a cold shiver ran down his spine. Injun Joe watched him keenly.

Where French Lefebre?" he said. "Got him scalp." He produced a handful of black hair, clotted with blood. It was incredible! Barney remembered that French Lefebre had suddenly disappeared some months ago, but as everyone supposed he had gone into the lumber camps no one but his creditors took any interest in the matter, or associated his departure with the half dozen or so of miserable Indians who lingered out their lives in holes and corners of the Ottawa valley. Barney had often bought baskets from the squaw, and once when the boys tried to stone her, he had covered her body with his own. There was still a scar on his cheek from the blow of a stone which one young rascal had flung at him. French Lefebre had once struck this very woman, who was still young and good-looking. Was it possible that these remnants of their race had met to avenge their such a thing. They would doff their paint and go slouching about in their usual noiseless manner, and ensuare fresh victims. And there was the

judge's daughter, too! "Got to say, say him quick," said Injun Joe, fingering his knife with an artistic precision which was not nice to witness.

"I reekon if you've made up your

minds, gentlemen," said Barney, "it's no use my spoilin' this yere funeral." Injun Joe sprang at him with the knife, and Barney thought of the judge's daughter and said a little prayer. If he had to go under to avenge the wrongs of this last remnant of their race it was no use attempting to argue the matter when they held all

Injun Joe made a slight gash in Barney's arm and drew back. The other four Indians did the same. Then, the woman came forward, bound up his arm and cut him loose. Barney continued smoking with undisturbed gravity. It had all flashed upon him in a second. This was the Indian method of showing apprecia-

brother of the last of the Iroquois. He wondered if they would expect him to sell Indian toys in Moose valley or to shoot at (he was sure to miss them) five cent pieces with arrows. "Him beap brave," said Injun Joe, with a painful disregard of Fenimore Cooper's studied and grammatical

tion of the way in which he had saved

the squaw. He had become a blood-

phrases. "Him heap brave. Him white man." "An' the show is over?" asked Barney, stretching himself. The others had disappeared. Only Indian Joe and the squaw remained. They fell into Indian file and marched down to the beach, through the long somber ranks of the pines. Then they entered into the little canoe and paddled up to the

Barney met Injun Joe in the village next day. That worthy was loafing round with a string of fish. Barney thought he must have been dreaming and that it would be better to avoid Davis' pain killer as a stimulant in future. It was a little too powerful in its after effects. But as he sat on the veranda that evening with the judge's daughter, she gave a little shrick and turned white.

"Seen a mouse?" asked Barney, trying to reassure her. "Your sleeve is slashed, and there is blood on it," she said. "Barney, Barney, you have been quarreling

woodpile," said Barney, with unblushing mendacity. "I reckon it shook me up, an' I'll go early to-night." "Curious folk, wimmen are," mused Barney, as he wended his way in the direction of the Point. "She'd never believe I'm an Iroquois brave if I

"I sorter remember fallin' off the

talked for a month. She'd say it was all that Painkiller." Injun Joe was sitting by his fire, making nets. "Why does my red brother toil for the paleface?" said Barney, calling up recollections of Deerslayer, etc. "He is a squaw-a cattish. Ugh!" Injun Joe's sphinx-like face gleamed

faintly for a moment at the word

"brother." Then he went on quietly

making his nets. But French Lefebre

was never seen again.-- G. B. Burgin,

#### in Detroit Free Press. THE FOOTLIGHTS.

New York has fire-proof gardens. Boston is to have another theater. WASHINGTON is to have a \$300,000 opera house. Sol Smith Russell has an ambition

to play Dr. Pangloss and Falstaff. LOTTA contradicts the report that she will return to the stage next season. JOHN L. ELLSLER, the veteran manager, is now a milk dealer in Philadel-

SAINT-SAENS says Ibsenism and its

off-shoots are modes of mental aberra-MRS. JOHN WOOD will act at the London Court theater in the autumn in a new comic piece by Pinero.

OUR TRIALS.

We never conquer our trials By waging war. If we yield, Their menace or frown cannot drag us down; Submitting is winning the field.

They are only the scouts who are testing

The scheming of man, and his might.
They are only the ghosts of invincible hosts Who conquer in every fight. But they never assail the purpose And grace of a duty done

While worry and fret are always met With a victory, easily won. We never conquer our trials By fighting: be steadfast, and wait: For the soul that is grand, by a higher com-

Triumphs over all time, and all fate. -Emma P. Seabury, in Chautauquan.

WINNING A WOMAN. The Romantic Tale of a Veteran

Commercial Traveler.

"When I was a man of thirty," remarked a gray-haired three-score-andtenitarian after the drummer had finished a rather unbelievable card story. "I could shuffle the pasteboards pretty fairly myself, and it was only the veterans who cared to tackle me, and they were usually sorry for it afterwards. I was not rich and proud then," he smiled softly, "and made most of my living selling groceries in the south and west for a Baltimore house. I did the large towns as a rule, but I had a few good customers in outof-the-way places, and I made it my business to cultivate them and get around to see them at least twice a year. Among them was a merchant in Mississippi, and he had a daughter who was one of the sweetest, prettiest girls I ever saw. In fact she was so attractive that I fell in love with her and tried to marry her, but she was silly like most women when they are young and sometimes when they are not so young, and instead of reciprocating my affection, the affection of a plain but honest man, I'll be shot if she wasn't wasting her affection on a handsome bon a rein-that's French for good for nothing," he explained-"and I hadn't the slightest chance against him, although her father was on my side and did all he could to save her from the man she would persist in loving. He was undoubtedly a handsome fellow and one whose manners ere fascinating, not only to w but to men. With all his natural ability, however, and attractiveness, he was utterly worthless; a hard drinker, a brawler, a vindictive wretch and a notorious gambler. These qualities of the man were well known in that locality and his reputation was not unknown throughout the state, while up and down the river he was known on every steamboat for the big games he played and his success. He was the youngest son of a prominent and highly respectable family, and this to the girl

seemed to offset his numerous defects

of character. "Whatever it was, there was no question that the girl was completely infatuated with him, and finally she eloped with him. This act of hers broke her father's heart and within a year he had died, leaving no property whatever, nor any family, as the girl was the only child and her mother had been dead some years. The loss or absence of any property which might be of assistance to the daughter did not affect her seriously, as her husband had some estate and managed by successful gambling to maintain her in comfort the first year or two. With the death of the father and the marriage of the daughter very naturally my interest in that locality waned and I lost track of the neighborhood and its doings for five years. Then I was called there on business and when I stopped at the only tavern in the little village I was more than surprised to find that it was kept by my former rival, whom, by the way, I shall call Jackson. He did not know me and 1 don't suppose it would have made much difference if he had, for with all his faults he was not a jealous man. Well. I kept my identity pretty much in the background and made up my mind to see how the marriage had turned out I got an inkling of it the very first night, when Jackson came in just drunk enough to be ugly. He had changed much in the five years, and from being the handsome fellow he once was, he had become bloated, and all the bad streaks in him seemed to have settled in his face. His wife I had not seen, up to the time of his appearance in the evening. I was sitting in what passed for an office and he was there cursing a stable-boy. After he had finished with the boy he called his wife from the kitchen where she was at work, and when she came in frightened out of her wits, as I could plainly see, I never would have known her. She was thin and pale and bore every evidence of having received the most cruei treatment. I was shocked beyond expression, and it was not allayed by the way he talked to her and ordered her around, once even giving her a jerk by the arm that brought a cry of pain from her and came almost getting me into the scrap. I kept still, however, and waited, and that night he grew so ugly that she called in one of her neighbors to serve as a kind of protec-

"The next day he was no better, but he went off and did not return until late. During the day she had a chance to see me and at once recognized me. Whether she was glad or sorry I don't know, but she broke down and had a nervous fit of crying for half an hour, and I got away until she recovered. When I saw her again she was quite calm, and for two hours she talked to me of her terrible condition. He had been all things to her a man should not be, and the community only partially knew what she had to bear. He had beaten her and starved her and made her work like a slave, and once or twice when she had tried to escape. he had brought her back and kept her in a dark room on bread and water for a month. There was no place for her to go in the neighborhood, and he never gave her a cent of money, so that she might have gone to some distant place. She was ashamed and afraid to appeal to the public for help and she was slowly being tortured to death. Fortunately she had never had

any children. "We talked the matter over in all its aspects, and I asked her, if I could secure her escape, would she go with me to my home in the north, for I had

married and settled down like a sensible man; and she agreed to it if it could be done without making her condition any worse. I then began devising ways and means of getting the poor woman out of this hell on earth. and by night I had my plans ready for When Jackson came in that evening he was in better humor, having won some money on a horse race, and he was not quite so ugly drunk as he had been. He was drunker, perhaps, but it was not such a mean drunk as before. After supper I engaged him in talk, and along about nine o'clock I proposed a game of poker. It struck him just right, and we adjourned to a room upstairs with a couple of lawyers and a judge who were stopping there over night, and the game began. At first Jackson won right along, and as he won he drank, calling every now and then for his wife to bring him more liquor, and whenever she came into the room and saw me the look she gave me almost made me kick over the table and fight the whole crowd. However, that was not my game, and I let on to her and the rest of them that I was about as drunk as Jackson was; but I wasn't. "At midnight we had reached the

climax. The two lawyers and the judge had been raised out and Jackson and I were left for the finish. I had four nines, not a bad hand as hands went in those days, and I had an idea that Jackson hadn't anything to beat it. I also had my wits about me and Jackson hadn't, and I had five thousand. dollars in my pocket, which Jackson hadn't. I had been bluffing like the mischief all through the game and Jackson had caught me for a good lot on my recklessness, but all he had was on the table when the other three passed out. That is all the money he had, but he owned three good horses. It was a game without a limit, as it often was in those days, and when I put down two hundred he saw me to the extent of one horse. Then I went five hundred more and he went another horse; then I went another five hundred and he went the third horse. Of course the man was wild now with liquor and the excitement of the game, and when I laid down a thousand more he was dazen for a minute. Just then his wife came in, and with a curse he ordered her out and was about to throw a bottle at her. She hurried away with an appealing look at me, and Jackson sat stupidly gazing at his hand and at the pile of money and contracts for horses on the table, and he was sure I was bluffing. could see that, but he didn't like to take too much of a chance. Then all at once a new thought seemed to come to him and he looked squarely into my

"By the way," he said, 'you used to know my wife, didn't you?" "I nodded coolly, though somewhat rattled at this unexpected recognition. "And you used to be in love with her,' he went on

"Again I nodded. "You wanted her once,' he ventured slowly, and I nodded again. "By heavens," he exclaimed, 'I'll put her against what you have there. Is

it a go?

"Once more I nodded. " Gentlemen,' I said to the judge and the lawyers, 'make a note of that. If I win, the woman is mine to do as I please with. Is that agreed?" "Jackson assented with a string of

me if the game went against him, or words to that effect. "'Now!" he said in a tone of suppressed feeling, 'what have you got?' Very quietly, but with some little

oaths, and the lawyers got his signa-

ture to a contract to deliver his wife to

fear that I might miss it at last, I laid my four nines down on the table. "Jackson looked at the cards a second, then, with a hoarse scream, he slung his own hand all over the room and dashed through the door. Fearing that he might mean harm to his wife we went pell-mell after him, but he did not stop anywhere. On he went out into the night, and we lost him in the darkness. I thought we might find him next morning dead somewhere. but we didn't. When we got back to the room we gathered up his hand and found that it consisted of three aces and a pair of tens, one of those hands the gamblers of those days, as a matter of sentiment, would bet everything they had on, and, by the way, not a

bad hand as hands go, is an ace full. "I never saw Jackson again. He did not return to the place for two or three days, and when he did come back I had gone, and with me his wife, to whom I had explained the situation. I made arrangements with the judge and the lawyers to restore to Jackson his horses, but I kept what money I had won and gave it to his wife. The went home with me, and in a year or so had secured a position, and always as a kind aunty to my children she was the jewel of the family; and the queer part of it was that, notwithstanding I had once courted her, and might be charged with saving her on account of the old love, there was not a bit of that in it all, and she acted always in such a manner that I could no more have flirted with her than 1 could have flirted with my own sister. She just wouldn't have it, that was all. As I said," concluded the old gentleman, "I never saw Jackson again, but I heard that with the money he got for the horses which I returned to him he went to New Orleans and was killed there in a fight over the card table."-W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

About American Feet.

Several London newspapers have been entertaining their readers by a lively controversy over the respective size and beauty of the feet of English and American women. Some editors. in the face of overwhelming evidence, confess that English feet are out of running in such a controversy, and console themselves by asserting that the feet of Englishmen are far more shapely and aristocratic than those of their American brother. There have been many indignant protests against even this admission. The shoe dealers, when assured that they may speak incog, regretfully admit that they are unable to fit the trim American foot with any shoe ready made for the fat and flat feet of English women.

-"What are you doing?" asked the convict of the reporter, who was writing up the penitentiary. "I'm taking notes." "Humph! That's what brought me here."-Washington Star.

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